The New Unity

PUBLISHED IN THE INTEREST OF THE AMERICAN CONGRESS OF LIBERAL RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES.

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TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion; to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in organization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future.—*From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

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Editorial

"O brother man! fold to thy heart thy brother.
Where pity dwells, the love of God is there;
To worship rightly is to love each other;
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.
Follow with reverent steps the great example
Of Him whose holy work was doing good;
So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude."

—J. G. Whittier.

ALTHOUGH the name of Rev. John M. Scott, the minister of the Ithaca Unitarian Church, did not appear in THE NEW UNITY in connection with the Oliver memorial sermon, it must have been evident to those who read it that it could have been preached by no one but Professor Oliver's pastor.

MR. CHARLES DE B. MILLS, who has helped so many of us in our study of the religion of India, gives the readers of THE NEW UNITY an admirable account of Brahmanism. It is a worthy companion piece to the Buddhism which Dr. Carus gave us a month or two ago, and it is to be followed by a similar paper on Judaism, by Rev. Joseph Stolz of Chicago, and we hope by other papers on the other great religions of the world.

IN the *Review of Reviews* for August, in Julian Ralph's character sketch of Theodore Roosevelt, we have in the latter's social-ethical creed a doctrine that is certainly worthy of the consideration of the rich, even if it is not an ultimate truth. Mr. Roosevelt holds that, as regards wealth, while the first duty of him who has not any may be to his family, the first duty of him who possesses it is to the public.

PERHAPS but few of us agree with Rabbi Harrison that such religious beliefs as that in personal immortality are of primary importance in the development of a common life that shall do away with poverty as a normal condition of affairs; but not many of our readers, we believe, will question the importance of a unitary conception of life, or that that alone is a true religious conception which makes our lives nobler and better and inspires us to do our utmost to overcome the evils which afflict society,—among which involuntary poverty, with all that it implies, is certainly one of the greatest.

TO-DAY the movement of religious thought is toward common ground, toward an all comprehending unity. The broadest, best minds of all denominations lay no emphasis upon mere words or symbols, but find themselves in sympathy among all the larger, profounder varieties of thought. A higher unity and fellowship of independent minds is fast forming. There is a confluent stream proceeding out of all churches, freighted with the best religious life and thought of our times, which makes all "sects" and all the aims of the sects seem small,—mere whirling eddies in the great current of progress.

IT is a curious and interesting fact in human experience, that the moment we have gained the point of perfect independence,—the freedom to reject all and everything offered to us,—that moment the power of skepticism is broken. Compulsion removed, our minds are no longer negative, charged with doubt or denial, but we reach out to take hold upon something. Then *all* at once we become predisposed to accept, and we hasten to make sure of the obnoxious fact, if it may contribute to our share of the eternal truth. In this way we come at length to all the compensations of rational thought.

IT is possible that we have made some mistake about the *name*. Men have called the great creative personality by various names. But the deep Fact of cause, of power, of order, the unfathomed REALITY underlying all the activities, providence and beauty of the universe—none have been able to hide this fact and reality out of sight. And when this capital fact, or power, expresses itself through human life, and flowing into that channel lifts individual men and whole societies, and nations even, up to higher planes of mental perception and moral conduct, we say it is by the agency of the Holy Spirit of God.

FORMERLY the winter was the time to hear distinguished lecturers, read helpful literature and cultivate one's mind. In the summer it was thought that the cultivation of the body was sufficient to occupy the time. But now it almost seems as though this were reversed, and in many places studies are being carried on during the summer under the direction of distinguished specialists, and lectures are being delivered by the foremost men of the day. In our own city the University of Chicago, which has a regular session during the summer as well as during every other quarter of the year, is doing more than any other institution of learning to emphasize this change; and a very praiseworthy departure it is, giving to the student who is working his way or who suffers from delicate health, the option of taking any quarter he pleases for his vacation. This summer the extraordinarily fine weather seems to have made the educational work unusually vigorous. One day last week —the same week in which the *Independent's* rich educational number appeared—one of THE NEW UNITY'S staff had the opportunity of hearing two lectures at the University of Chicago, either one of which would have been worth a journey to hear. The Rev. Dr. Fairbairn, Principal of Mansfield College, Oxford, spoke on religion in connection with the history of thought, proposing a very helpful analogy for the elucidation of the subject, and Dr. Hamilton W. Mabie, of *The Outlook*, spoke on the possibility of a National American literature, emphasizing

among other things, the self-consciousness of most of the literature that has so far been written in America as one of the clearest signs that we have not yet obtained a truly national literature.

American Education.

The words of Dr. Hirsch concerning American education are of great interest. The first thing for us to thoroughly learn is that American education has no reason for being a mere echo or repetition of European methods and substance. Jefferson insisted that America should have a system strictly her own; and as for the curriclum, it should be "eminently historical, for how can a self-governing people work out a wise future without a knowledge of the past?" Washington laid emphasis on civics and the art of government, for how can a people be self-governing that does not understand the science of politics? Franklin insisted on morals as the substratum of education, because no people can be self-governing collectively that cannot govern themselves individually. These three ideas conjoined would base American schools on ethics, history and civics. It happens, however, that American education has pre-eminently lacked in exactly these three departments. History as a science and as a philosophy, as well as applied history in sociology, is barely beginning to get consideration in collegiate and university training. The peculiar characteristic of our school work from top to bottom has been the ignoring of direct moral culture. The common schools originally included with the three R's, the reading of the Bible perfunctorily. This was abolished by law in nearly all the states a generation ago. No device for ethical teaching has yet been substituted except instruction in temperance or abstinence from alcoholic liquors. But the presses begin to send out tentative efforts to supply this deficiency. As for civics, little is done anywhere in the way of making all our young voters intelligent citizens on questions to be settled by the ballot. The greatest of all demands at present is a distinctively American education; an education fitting each young person to become an intelligent, moral citizen, capable of taking a place in the further building of the nation.

It is a great relief to those who desire to see our American education as distinctive as our most notable founders proposed, and complementary to our political and social system, to note that of late history, ethics and civics have secured attention never before awarded them. History is no longer a dreary monotony of facts, or a cowboy's romance of the exciting events concerned with brute force. On the contrary the histories of Fiske, Andrews, McMaster and, to some extent, Schouler deal with the life of the people. Taylor and Landon and Von Holst deal with the origin of national principles and with their growth. There is a good chance for a young American to apprehend the soul of the nation. Civics, or the art of government, is assuming prominent attention in our universities; the primary conceptions of self-government ought, however, to be found in our lower schools. Not to battle with the fine pedagogics that enter into the reports of the farmer's Committee of Ten, we may allow the value of classical culture, but shall never justly or wisely allow that any training for Americans should precede history, civics and ethics—for these underlie self-government. So far as ethical culture goes, there is just now more hope of it I think in connection with manual culture than in connection with brain culture.

The three points at which we branch off or rise above the brute ancestry, is at the frontal brain, the articulating organs and the hands. Now when we try to improve (educate) a horse we apply our wit to those functions and organs that are plastic, that is, the organs of speed. When we undertake to improve a fowl we work at the improvable functions. It is irrational to do otherwise with human beings. Education should undertake to make more of us where we are least automatic and most changeable. At last there is a good outlook for a culture that is not of the brain only; but equally of brain, voice and hands. The art of thinking is to be supplemented or complemented by the art of expression and the art of construction. The curious thing about a brain-educated person is that he does not know where to place his hands. They are his chief difficulty. The new education makes the hands crafty and subtle and wise. It will be equally careful of music and conversation and the whole art of communicating. Oratory grows less important, the art of expressing truth grows more important. "Words, my friend, are hard tools to handle wisely. Any fool may handle a saw or jackplane; but it needs education to shape with such tools an idea into wood. The world has yet to learn what words are."

But equally important is it for us to construct a wise school-organism. Here again we see how marvelously Jefferson foreplanned. Our common schools come from a very remote ancestry. They were promptly developed in New England, and became equally with the church characteristic of the Puritan settlements and of their migrations westward. But the New England College was a direct descendant of the monastery, with monastic traditions, sentiments and methods. It never fused with the common school. Jefferson devised the State University, which should be the crown and completion of the common school system. His idea of grading all the education of a state from the primary school up to a state university was never completed in Virginia; but it is illustrated more completely in Michigan, Wisconsin and other western states. This system is unquestionably to become general in all the states. Finally, said Jefferson, we must have our National University of Universities at Washington. This sublime conception of a complete American education will make our educational and our political systems parallel, collateral and co-extensive. The first will influence the latter to establish investigation and knowledge as the basis of legislation. Washington left a large bequest to create such a system. Madison wished the convention of 1779 to establish a national university by constitutional enactment. It will yet be created. Meanwhile our metropolitan cities —ideas unique as Athens and Rome— ideas not yet quite understood as a part of a federal system of states—are developing mighty municipal universities. What exactly will be the relation of these to each other, no one can foresee. That they will be merely elbowing rivals no one believes.

E. P. P.

The Western Conference and the State Conferences.

One of the most important steps in the growth of liberal religion in the west was the adoption by the Western Unitarian Conference of the plan to have its directors selected, in whole or in part, by the different state conferences. Of course the intention in the past has been to have the different parts of the west all represented on the Conference Board, and we believe that in an earlier form of the Western Conference its directorship consisted of the presidents and secretaries of the different local conferences, united into one general committee. The new plan restores the original connection with the different state organizations without sacrificing the independence of the central organization.

Therefore we hope that the state conferences will vote to adopt this plan at their coming fall meetings; for of course their cooperation is indispensable to the carrying out of the scheme. The Western Conference has no authority to impose any duty upon any local organization. Each State Conference is entirely independent now, and will remain entirely independent after it chooses a director to serve on the Board of the Western Conference. But by choosing such a director, each local conference can be brought into closer touch with the central body. There will be a natural and easy means of bringing help from the strong conference to the weaker, of laying out missionary work to be supported by all of the churches of the west, and of developing a headquarters at Chicago that shall be a real rallying place for all the liberal forces of the west and a help to the growth of liberal thought.

It is indeed to be regretted that the American Unitarian Association did not decide to adopt the plan; but their adoption of it is not at all essential to the successful working of the scheme in the west. Though it would, we think, be better for the western directors of the association to be chosen in the west rather than in Boston, yet the A. U. A.'s reluctance even to consider this "revolutionary idea," as they called it, need not prevent us from adopting the idea of local representation, as far as the western field

is concerned. When the plan was proposed a year ago, it included only the west; and if it should never include more than our local conferences, it would still be a great advance. A. W. G.

Old and New.

Star Dust Revealed by a Sunbeam.

MISS JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY, whose poem, "Isolation," in the May *Atlantic*, has attracted much attention, is still a young girl, just completing her freshman year at Radcliffe.

The Regents of the University of Wisconsin (at Madison) have arranged for nine engineering scholarships, which entitle the holders to the remission of their incidental fees for the period of two years. These will be thrown open to competition annually.

A typical and pathetic story of the last words of the late Professor Blackie is vouched for by the London *Daily Chronicle*. His wife was talking with him of charity. "Ah, yes," she said, "you have always been so fond of speaking of the three—Faith, Hope, and Charity—*he agape*, as you call her." The dying man, following the more accurate pronunciation of Greek which prevails in Scotland, gently corrected the misplaced accent—"*agape*, my dear." Those were his last words.

The Latin word from which pagan is derived originally meant a fountain or spring; then the village which sprang up around it, and finally the residents in the village. As Christianity took strong root at first in the large centers of population and the worship of the pagan deities lingered longest in the country and among the country villages, it came to be understood that a pagan or villager was, in virtue of his residence, a worshiper of the old gods, and thus the term acquired its present significance.

The mileage of the blood circulation reveals some astounding facts in our personal history. Thus it has been calculated that, assuming the heart to beat sixty-nine times a minute at ordinary heart pressure, the blood goes at the rate of 207 yards in the minute, or seven miles per hour, 168 miles per day and 6320 miles per year. If a man of eighty-four years of age could have one single blood corpuscle floating in his blood all his life, it would have traveled in that same time 5,150, 808 miles.

In St. Paul's one day, a London guide was showing an American gentleman round the tombs. "That, sir," said the man, "his the tomb of the greatest naval 'ero Europe or the whole world ever knew—Lord Nelson's. This marble sarcophagus weighs forty-two tons. Hinside that is a steel receptacle weighing twelve tons, and hinside that is a leaden casket, 'ermetically sealed, weighing two tons. Hinside that his a mahogany coffin 'olding the hashes of the great 'ero." "Well," said the Yankee, after thinking awhile, "I guess you've got him. If he ever gets out of that, telegraph me at my expense."

PROFESSOR A. SCHUSTER lectured recently at the Royal Institution of Great Britain upon "Atmospheric Electricity." In discussing the effect of lightning upon trees, statistics showed that forty-eight oak trees are struck to one beech tree, the ratio being dependent upon the amount of oily matter contained. Some curious effects of lightning having been described, a series of photographs were shown illustrative of various types of flashes, and after briefly alluding to silent discharges the professor described the phenomenon known as St. Elmo's fire. This name is derived from St. Erasmus, who was the patron saint of the Italian sailors. Its peculiarity is that it appears as either positive or negative, one condition being as probable as the other. The phenomenon is simply one of induction. The various hypotheses which have been advanced to account for atmospheric electricity were briefly noted. Their name seems to be legion, as they number since 1753 more than a score, while the year 1884 alone produced five new theories! Of this number the rotation of the earth, direct radiation, heat and evaporation may be mentioned, and an instance was given where, from personal observation, electrical effect was shown to be due to the actual formation of cloud. Speaking of the aurora borealis, it was mentioned that it seems to be connected with cirrus clouds at low altitudes, and that the many spots in the sun have been sometimes attributed to the existence of many auroras. The lecture was profusely illustrated by experiments, all of which passed off without a hitch.

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to All Forms of Thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

Learning.

BY SARA GERTRUDE HARRINGTON.

I was engulfed in sorrow,
Had fallen day by day;
Despair held me his victim,
And yet,—I *tried* to pray.

No unseen living Spirit
Soothed my torn bleeding heart;
Instead of bread, the heavy stone,
The mocking word "Depart."

I cried in bitter agony,
Oh! God, wilt Thou not hear?
Others have known Thy healing;
Then, Lord, to me be near.

Am I so proud, rebellious?
Can I not say, "Thy Will?"
Shall I ne'er feel Thy presence,
Hear Thy voice, "Peace be still?"

Then through my blind, vain groping,
There shot one piercing ray;
Perhaps with all my striving,
I'd not yet *learned to pray*.

"Class Against Class," or the Causes of Social Discontent.

This inquiry I have denominated "Class Against Class." It deals with the industrial side of modern life. It is concerned with the economic aspect of the fierce unrest that is now leavening the toiling masses. It is a melancholy title. Even in this opening phrase we must express the antagonism of man to man, the uprising of sullen wage-earners against the dispensers of their daily portion. I take for granted your acquaintance with this world-wide agitation among bread-winners. I presume you have noted with anxiety this ominous symptom. I propose, therefore, to consider, under the above heading, "The Causes of Social Discontent."

That discontent with the present order of things is responsible for the opposition of class to class, is so clear and sure that these two wordings of my subject matter are practically one and identical. Discontent implies dissension, because it implies desire. The proprietor and the pauper can never well agree; and if brotherly love could conciliate even an empty pocket, it would be buried out of sight in an empty stomach.

Are you, reader, satisfied with your lot? Is your cup of happiness running over? Have you no grievances, no disappointments? Has fortune distributed her coveted favors to you with equal hand, share and share alike? There must be men among us strained to the uttermost point of endurance to keep body and soul together. There must be others, safe above the tide-mark, rich, free from care, anxious only to make abundance breed superabundance. I see also the weary eye, the wrinkled brow, the stooping frame. I see the slaves of the treadmill monotony of routine, privates in the industrial army, fighting starvation, struggling for a foot-hold, glad to end the year owning nothing, yet owing nothing. Does that mean contentment? Can that afford happiness? Should we be satisfied to spend the major part of our life in simply supporting life?

Yet you are all comparatively prosperous. You are not paupers. You are not huddled together in filthy tenements, insufficiently fed, poorly clad, your children driven to factory labor in their tender years to eke out a miserable subsistence. Compared with the very poor you are very rich. Millions today are being forced to the wall. The bitter cry of outcast London is being re-echoed in every great city in the world. Do you realize that hundreds are dying every year of starvation, of actual lack of bread, in the very midst of rich communities, apoplectic with unused wealth? Do you realize that for by far the greater part of the human family life is not worth living at all, for it means endless toil, boundless misery, joyless, cheerless homes, and bitter suffering? You may not realize these frightful truths, yet it is beginning now to dawn upon the toiling millions, that they are very miserable, that they have the right to happiness, and that beside the right they have the might, the force, the strength of numbers to compel attention and secure justice.

This is the state of the public mind. This is the cause of the general uneasiness. This is the rude outline of the most weighty and difficult problem that history has ever presented for the solution of man.

Why should it come up today? Why hasn't it existed in every age? Why should this century be the battlefield of hostile classes and the cradle of discontent? Have men less comfort today, fewer luxuries, more hardships? Are they more wretched than under church rule, under royal tyranny, under the serfdom of feudal lords and barons? Have the toilers alone gained nothing by civilization, with its steam and lightning, and marriage of continents and mastery of nature?

I answer that men today have fewer grievances, but are more conscious of them, and more conscious, too, of their physical power to remedy them. The world has changed like a man, and has grown out of child-like submission into passionate rebellion against evils and wrongs. The critical, merciless spirit of independence that prevails in modern religion, as in government, has spread to the most vital question of all—labor, its position and remuneration. It is my purpose to show how these vast problems affect one another in men's minds. Great questions cannot be separated. A man's standpoint cannot be shifted. Man is made all of one piece. He is not a conservative in one respect, a radical in another. He is one man in all things. He obeys his strongest motives. He is an organic unit. And so restlessness, dissatisfaction, desire for change from the root up, a tendency that we call radicalism—the prevailing tendency today among the millions—enters into every opinion and policy of the individual. In religion, it concerns his right to think; in politics, his power to act; in industry, his opportunity to make. This strong tendency, or any prevailing tendency, makes the man of character characteristic in all his doings, and in all his judgments, for otherwise he would not be a man of character.

Allow me to illustrate this theory. Take the two extremes—the Englishman, stolid, backward, changeless, an anchored raft, that shows the world how far beyond him it has moved; with an established church, established party and established prejudices. Now consider the frowsy, wild-eyed advocate of bombs and dynamite, preaching anarchy in politics, atheism in religion, and bloodshed in industrial agitation. How men view all things with one eye and one mind!

I have said enough to show that the human brain is not composed of water-tight compartments, human life is not made up of separate and distinct provinces. All our activities and powers, prejudices and convictions, run into a single current, affect each other, and affect us by their combination and interaction. The Mississippi River

flows strong and swift because the Missouri and the Ohio have united their waters in its channel. Understand what this thought means in its practical applications, and you will understand the labor problem. I claim that men are creatures of one idea. I claim that men are affected by their honest convictions, and act upon them. I maintain, further, that these convictions spring often from a side of human nature other than the one wherein they take effect, yet influence the whole man in an entirely different field.

Starting with this doctrine, I believe I have thought out a connection between belief and action—such action as we are now considering—of some interest to economists.

I ask your attention to this thought. It follows inevitably from the foregoing principle. It is simply an inference from the acknowledged unity of the human mind.

This is the thought. This is the kernel of the matter. We are animals. We are also human. We have a spark of the Divine. This seed of fire has grown into the magnificent development of the religions.

Religion is rooted in the soil of our weakness. Its mighty trunk is strong and upright as rectitude itself. Its spreading branches vanish upward into awful clouds. And there, upon distant bough, beyond mortal reach and mortal vision, grows the fair flower of Immortality.

Now I believe in this eternal hope as the glorious climax of human destinies. I believe in it as the demand of thought, the crown of duty, the promise of God himself speaking within the soul of man. I believe in it; and without that intense, complete belief, the world would be cold and comfortless, this planet would be a graveyard only for the dead and dying, a ghastly morgue, in which we stare at each other's wounds and tears, and grieve that we had ever been created. If man is made to rot to pieces in the grave, there is no God, or God is a fiend. This is my creed. This is the creed of millions. But there are countless multitudes today who have lost this priceless hope, who have ceased to believe in a hereafter, who look forward with passive submission to final annihilation.

They are what are commonly called the masses. They are the great unchurched majority. They are as a rule the great army of toilers who today are fiercely clamoring for righteous treatment, who are resolved to make this life at least endurable and glad for themselves and their children. They have ceased to believe that whatever is is right. They have ceased to be satisfied with submission and patience. They insist on having all that justice can rightly claim, all that a menacing majority can exact. They are in the vast majority. They have in this country the political power in their hands, if they but knew how to use it. They will soon have the same supremacy in England. Rumblings of impending earthquake are heard in Germany, and the haughty Kaiser himself has been playing with fire in committing himself to the Utopian dreams of the Socialists. The thundercloud is gathering upon the horizon. Who knows when it will be ready to strike with lightning that smites once and smites no more? Their faith, now lost and decaying, was once a lightning-rod that imprisoned these perilous flashes. They now threaten civilization itself.

Your children may live to see a day of violent change and bloody upheaval, such as has never yet been seen in the world. Its character, its scope and methods depend greatly upon the growing intelligence, upon the harmonious action of the toilers themselves. Tremendous changes are impending: When, where, how soon they will attempt to remodel society, who can certainly know? Who may even venture to predict?

The crisis, as I have stated, is being hastened by the radicalism of the masses, in religion as well as in political economy. I think we underestimate the power of ideas, the influence of beliefs and non-beliefs upon men's minds. Religion and irreligion are not yet played out as factors and counter factors in the world's civilization.

Dismissing theory and considering practice, what part has religion played in this transformation scene, whose symptoms are today strikes, trades unions, federations of labor, the increasing strength of socialism, the enthusiastic reception of a communistic work like Bellamy's "Looking Backwards?" What part has religion played in this new attitude, its growing strength, its increasing demands?

To my mind, a passive and discreditable part. What kind of instruction is given from the average pulpit calculated to make the capitalist think of his human duties toward his subordinates; calculated to make the laborer think of his proper attitude toward his fellows and his employer? Is there any such specific instruction? And if there were, how many churches are there for the poor? Do not the churches perpetuate and emphasize the distinction between rich and poor, by their toadying to the wealthy, their aristocratic location, their removal from poverty-stricken districts to richer and more congenial surroundings? The Catholic Church is an honorable exception. The Catholic Church welcomes the poor and outcast, its ministers labor in the slums and tenements, its sisters of mercy care for the lowly, sick and the helpless. There are Protestant churches nobly prominent in philanthropic work, but how few compared to the whole!

Religion, the handmaid of God, should minister to the necessities of men. How greatly might poverty be alleviated by the common co-operation of religious bodies! How greatly discontent might be diminished! How largely the settled gloom due to the absence of religious theory might be brightened by the presence of a little religious practice!

The problem of poverty is at the bottom of the social problem. The selfish absorption of wealth by the favored few, their tenacious grip on their great abundance while an ocean of misery rolls up against their very doors, that is what makes the contrast so bitter between the two extremes of gilded splendor and hopeless destitution.

Let religious teachers set themselves to the work that calls on them to do it. Let them soften the hard heart and open the tightened purse-string. A tremendous responsibility devolves upon the rich. They are responsible for what they do *not* do, as well as for what they do. They should give with no niggardly hand, but in generous showers wherever gifts are needed. They should disarm prejudice against wealth by its noble use, by its public spirit, by its quick concern for human necessities, by the magnificent exercise of its great opportunities.

Men may thus be brought to love where now they hate. They may be led to see that with the greatness of resources is increased the greatness of the burden to be carried. Employer and employee, capitalist and laborer, rich and poor, may be brought together on the common ground of humanity by the multiplication of Peter Coopers, by splendid munificence as princely as splendid fortunes.

This the pulpit can preach. This it is just beginning to understand. This should be its special labor, its high and holy mission; its chief reason for existence. Churches are not, or should not be, clubs for public worship, but schools for plain-speaking and ready obedience; centers of ever-widening circles of usefulness; the common home of all classes; the peacemaker between all contending interests.

When churches shall spend as much money on practical well-doing as on eloquence and song; when men shall frequent them to learn from disinterested lips the lessons of duty, of mutual help and brotherly union; and when the hope of heaven shall thus be supplemented by the actual betterment of this earth, then half the problems of our age will solve themselves; the grimy hand of toil will cease to be the clenched fist of menace and assault.

Then if poverty does not vanish from the earth, it will exist as the result of poor endowments, natural inequalities or neglected opportunities. Hate will vanish, discontent will be gladdened into satisfaction; faith in God will grow out of faith in man.—RABBI LEON HARRISON in the *Non-Sectarian.*

The Issues of Heredity and Environment.

Two great factors make the sum of human life: heredity and environment. By these the character of individuals or of generations is molded. A thief may come from a morally healthy home, but he is the unhealthy exception, not the rule. As to which of the two pulls the heaviest oar, students differ. One school gives to heredity the greater weight, the other to environment. In the end it comes to the same thing. That bad heredity is responsible for the thief means, when all is said, that the improvement should have begun with the grandfather. It is transmitted environment. What we do today, then, acquires immeasurably greater importance. Our concern with environment is not for today, or tomorrow, but for all time.

First in its influence for good or bad stands the home, of course. With that corrupted the well-spring is poisoned. A great Frenchman said once that without a decent home there could be no family, no manhood, no patriotism. He might have summed it all up in two words—no character. It is the offense of our day that the tendency of its life is toward the destruction of individuality of character. The crowding of the population everywhere to the cities, to the centers of industrial energy, where it has been largely left, so far, to shape itself together as best it might, has destroyed the old home feeling with the home itself. Simultaneously there has come a significant increase in number of criminals from the city, and, more significant yet, they ripen earlier. The thieves and thugs of today are much younger than they were. To anyone acquainted with tenement-house life in a city like New York this cannot be a matter for wonder. The old shanty on the rocks had something of home in it which the best of flats has not of itself, and the poverty-stricken occupants clung to it, sometimes till the rock was blown from under them, with a strength of affection at which only the thoughtless sneered. The poor tenement is the flat idea on the scale of the pigeon hole. The Frenchman I quoted had in mind the experience with a group of Parisian tenements typical of their kind. There were eight of them, and they contained 2,000 tenants in 1,200 rooms. The result, says the record—it was kept mainly at the

police station—was "the exasperation of the tenant against society." How could it have been anything else?

While such burning conditions continue to be the rule in the cities, the criminal tendency must increase among the young. By extraordinary repression, or philanthropic effort, its manifestation may for a time be checked, but the tendency will remain, soon to assert itself when other cares or dangers occupy the public mind, and divert attention from it. The final destruction of the home, and with it the collapse of organized society, as we know it, ought to follow; but I believe that before this point is reached we shall have passed beyond the transition period, in which we now are, to a safe readjustment. We shall have accepted city life as a great social fact fraught with possibilities too long unheeded. The crowds will no longer be allowed to herd as they can. The tenement of today will have ceased to exist. The centrifugal action, which is already making itself felt in the desperate struggle for rapid transit, will have developed, and we shall have found houses again for the people within reach of their work.

The prison returns (I quote from the statistics of the Elmira reformatory), which tell us that fifty per cent of all the young criminals came from bad, and only nine per cent from good, homes, point out also that ninety-seven per cent kept bad company, and only one per cent good company prior to coming. Here we have the street and its idleness, the alternative of the tenement that has no homes, and the school in which there is no room. The recent school census in New York showed that there were 50,000 truants drifting about the streets. On the crowded East-side, to which attention is constantly attracted by its growing class of child-thieves, a dozen new schools will hardly supply the existing deficiency. "Malevolence," says the superintendent of the reformatory, "does not characterize the criminal, but aversion to continuous labor." He is not as wicked as he is weak. He could have been managed but he was left to himself—to the tenement and to the street.

As an instance of the public indifference that is responsible for both tenement and truant, and more to blame than both, let this serve: Today, more than thirteen months after a compulsory education law intending to make truancy impossible was passed, six months after it went into effect, nothing has been done to give it force in New York City. No truant school has been provided, no machinery for carrying out the law. The announcement that the school census showed this young army of idlers to be abroad stirred no public interest. It filled the space of a stick in the newspapers, which gave columns to the latest sensational murdur and to the collapse of the income tax. Yet for the mischief the fifty thousand will do in their generation alone, and to keep them from doing more, New York will have to pay many times its share in the income tax for jails and courts and costly police machinery.

I am convinced that the school itself, our management of it, is not blameless. It is stupid, soulless. Its everlasting three R's offer no effectual barrier to the corruption of the young. It needs to be reconstructed on the plan of the three H's—the head, the heart, and the hand trained together to make a whole boy. Many a young thief is a thief simply because the head part of him was never developed. It is not that he is so much worse than the rest, but simply that the other half of him didn't get a chance.

It never will in a healthy boy until he has a chance of healthy play. In this respect our cities have sinned grievously. For every dollar hereafter laid out in parks and playgrounds it is certain that they will get two back. The thief and the tough grow naturally enough out of the gutter. Its associations and the "exasperation against society" that afforded them nothing better do the business. The street and the gutter were the only playgrounds the children of the poor in too many of our cities have called theirs all these years. In the school they were stuffed into dark cellars and told to "play." In the yard, if there was a yard, the landlord forbade them. In the street it was against some ordinance or another. The result was to smother the play in the boy and breed the mischief instead. Boys must let off their steam somehow. If the harvest was bad, the boy was not to blame. It was only the past winter that the first open-air school playground was authorized by law in New York City, where 200,000 children attend the public schools.

That laws are made to break, not to obey, is a fact of which the street takes early notice, and shapes its conduct accordingly. Respect for the law is not going to spring from disregard of it. The boy who smokes his cigarette openly in defiance of law; carries the growler early and late on week-days in defiance of another, and on Sunday of a third; observes fourteen saloons clustering about the door of his school in contempt of a fourth, which expressly forbids their being there; plays hookey secure from arrest, because nobody thinks of enforcing the compulsory education law; or slaves in a sweat-shop under a perjured age-certificate bought for a quarter of a perjured notary, and so on to the end of the long register, while a shoal of offensive ordinances prohibit him from flying a kite, tossing a ball, or romping on the grass, where there is any, cannot be expected to grow up with a very exalted idea of law and order. The indifference or hypocrisy that makes dead letters of so many of our laws is one of the constantly active feeders of our jails. And the real dignity of labor, the hardest and most important lesson he has to learn, can hardly be more apparent to the lad who is crowded into a shop when he ought to be at play than to the one who idles in the street when he ought to be at school. The one breaks the law, the other has it broken for him. The impression that abides with each is the ease with which the thing is done.

The gambling mania and the penny dreadful are evil companions of the street that bear an active hand in mustering the boy into the ranks of criminals. The saloon is their ally, and the saloon is the boy's club as he grows into early manhood. It is not altogether his fault that he has no other. From it he takes his politics and gets his backing in his disputes with the police. That he knows it to be despised and denounced by the sentiment responsible for the laws he broke with impunity all his days, while to him it represents the one potent, practical force of life, is well calculated to add to his mental confusion as to the relationship of things, but hardly to increase his respect for the law or for the sentiment behind it. We need an era of enforcement of law next—less of pretense, more of purpose.—JACOB A. RIIS in *The Independent*.

Sir John Lubbock has recently made some studies of the alimentary habits of spiders. Selected specimens were weighed before and after a full meal, with the result of learning that if a man were to absorb the quantity of food proportionate to his weight consumed by a spider, he would devour two whole oxen, thirteen sheep, a dozen hogs, and four barrels of fish.

An Echo of the Rabbinical Conference.

The Rochester, N. Y., *Herald*, in its issue of July 16, contained the following editorial:

"All the interesting facts brought out by the Jewish Conference last week did not appear in the published reports of the proceedings. They may never be brought out possibly except as they are passed from mouth to mouth in private conversation. Yet one of them is so interesting and important that we feel justified in giving it a larger publicity. Although it is not unlikely to form eventually a part of the history of Judaism in America, it ought not to be permitted to wait so long for proper recognition.

"In a vague way most Jews are aware of the fact that within the past twenty years a great change has taken place in the activities of their rabbis. Previous to 1875 and for five or ten years after that, the rabbis confined their labors to study, preaching and officiating at weddings and funerals. Perhaps they took some interest in philanthropic work, especially of a charitable and educational nature, but this work was, so to speak, a side issue. It did not occupy the time and attention to the degree that it does today. Now there is no field of philanthropy or social and political reform that they are not conspicuous workers in. They are leaders in the new education, particularly manual training; they are devoted to the amelioration of the condition of the poor in the great cities; they give themselves up even to the betterment of municipal government. The result now is that this kind of work absorbs a greater share of their activities than the work to which they are supposed to be called.

"What brought about this great change? This is the question that the rabbis here last week discussed with much interest among themselves and with those that had the pleasure of meeting them. The answer is to be found in the coincidence of the date of the movement here mentioned and the appearance in New York of Dr. Felix Adler, who had been forced to retire from the Jewish church, as the leader of the Ethical movement. It was the overpowering influence of his example that led other rabbis to take up the work to which he dedicated his life. He might be denounced as unsound and unsafe; he might be charged with being an enemy to Judaism; but his adversaries could not gainsay the excellence and beneficence of the philanthropic work that he had undertaken. Nor could they prevent the institution of comparisons between their own limited and somewhat unproductive activities and his wide sympathies and far-reaching influence. The comparison was so uncomplimentary and disadvantageous to them that they decided to engage in work upon lines that he had laid down. They propose to show that their religion was not less fruitful than his.

"It is not practicable to follow in detail the influence of Dr. Adler upon the practical work of Judaism of America. But a single fact may be cited to show how far reaching and beneficent it is—how it is removing the differences that have made the Jews "a peculiar people." One of the most interesting and important features of the religious work in Chicago is the provision made for religious services in the small and impoverished towns of Illinois. As there are not members enough of any one denomination to hire a minister or to build a church, the members of all the denominations have been induced to come together and to listen to ministers sent out from Chicago to preach to them. Leaders in this work have been the

rabbis that have learned from Dr. Adler the importance of a field of activity wider than the one that had absorbed their energies. To these mixed congregations, they, too, have been sent to preach, thus achieving results impossible in any other way. If they were unfortunate enough to meet with prejudices against them, it was an opportunity to convince their auditors that those prejudices were without justification. With the knowledge that they had gained of the causes of the differences that separated Jew and Gentile, they could return to their own congregations and give such advice as they deemed pertinent.

"An extension of this work cannot fail to efface these differences, and to make impossible the appearance of the anti-Semitic movement that disgraces some of the countries of the Old World. Equally conducive to this end will be all the political and philanthropic work that the rabbis have taken up during the past twenty years. It will have a reciprocal effect on both Jew and Gentile that will cause the former to modify some of his traits and the latter to abandon some of his prejudices. We cannot doubt that the time will come, as is predicted by the most hopeful rabbis, when both will be amalgamated. But when that time arrives, it should not be forgotten that the man that will have contributed most to this achievement of reason and philanthropy will be Dr. Felix Adler. It should not be forgotten because it shows what one man, if he be earnest and energetic, can do in this rather discouraging world."

To these remarks, Dr. Max Landsberg, of Rochester, made the following reply:

To the Editor of *The Herald:*

"Accept my thanks for your kindly interest taken in the conference of American rabbis and the suggestive thoughts expressed by you in connection therewith.

"Knowing, however, that your sole purpose is to find and to promulgate the truth, and to promote a better understanding and appreciation of one another between the classes of society and the religious denominations; you will no doubt pardon me for criticizing some of the ideas you express in your editorial 'An Echo of the Jewish Conference,' in today's *Herald.* They are based on premises which you take for granted, but which cannot be admitted by any one familiar with the historical development of Judaism extending over at least twenty-five centuries. You fall into the common error of assuming that a distinct line can be drawn between one period and another, so that it would be possible to assert a certain spirit was not manifested before some event or before the rise of a certain man, and then originated as a new birth or a new creation. You even go so far as to name the year 1875 or thereabout as having inaugurated, and the work of Felix Adler as having caused a revolution in the activity of the Jewish rabbis. You hold that before that time 'the rabbis confined their labors to study, preaching and officiating at weddings and funerals.' The truth is that to study and to teach was originally the only function of the rabbi (which means teacher), while he began to officiate at weddings and funerals only about sixty or seventy years ago in western Europe. From the standpoint of the Jewish religion to this day a man may be born, married and die as a good Jew without the interference of a rabbi. On the other hand not only philanthropic work of a charitable and educational character, but the whole field of social and political labor has been regarded at all times as the legitimate sphere of the Jewish rabbi, wherever the political and social conditions allowed him to co-operate therein. He inherited the task of the Jewish prophets, many of whom were social and political reformers and did not confine their labors to their own nation, but obeyed the call to preach to others.

"Of course during the period from the Reformation to the end of the last century, which constitutes the darkest time for the Jews of western Europe, no participation of Jews in public affairs was tolerated. By Christian exclusiveness the Jews were stamped as political and social outcasts and compelled to confine their labors strictly to the circle of their own people. But wherever the incubus of persecution was lifted, wherever some political rights were granted them, they displayed an activity for the amelioration of the communities in which they lived, equal to that of the best ones in America at this day. I could name scores of Jewish rabbis doing such work, among them my own sainted father, who, during a ministry from 1846 to 1870 in Hildesheim, in the former Kingdom of Hanover, was such a worker, and whose position was similar to that which I am happy to enjoy among my fellow citizens.

"I yield to none in the admiration for Felix Adler and the noble, philanthropic work to which he has devoted his life. I am proud to say that for twenty years he has been one of my dearest friends, but I protest most emphatically against your statement that it needed 'the over-powering influence of his example to lead other rabbis to take up the work' which is in strict line with, and a logical consequence of, the principles of old Judaism. Whatever charges may have been made against Felix Adler by fanatic individuals, they have been no greater than those made against the reform rabbis, and he has never been 'forced to retire from the Jewish church.' No power on earth can force any one to retire from the Jewish church. Both old-fashioned and modern Jews hold that a man remains a Jew as long as he calls himself by that name, and I am confident that no rabbi can be found in America who would deny that the ethical teachings of Felix Adler are Judaism. He himself calls his message by a new name; but it is true, and will ever remain true, that the ethics of the Ethical Culture society and the ethics of Judaism are identical. The essence of our Judaism of today is the ethics proclaimed by the ancient prophets. Isaiah and Jeremiah taught no narrow or tribal religion. Their message was delivered to mankind, and the burden of their gospel was to promote a general understanding of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. Over twenty centuries ago they announced as the final goal that a time shall come when all men shall be one great band of brothers to fulfil the will of the Heavenly Father. Through a thousand years of harrowing persecution the Jews proclaimed this as their religious hope at every divine service in the Hebrew prayer 'Alenu,' which is retained in every ritual in all Jewish congregations. It is Jewish doctrine that every Jew should be a missionary for the promulgation of this faith, and that the Jews shall be merged in humanity when this cousummation will be accomplished.

"Now Felix Adler holds, it is accomplished and there is no more necessity for the separate continuation of Judaism and a separate existence of the Jews. We claim that the Jews still have a mission to perform, that the time has not yet come for their disappearance. The time has not come in Russia and the Oriental countries, witness the persecutions; the time has not come in Europe, witness the shame of anti-Semitism; the time has not come for America, witness the most offensive form of religious prejudice, social exclusion.

"Everywhere the Jew has to continue his work as the man of sorrow who carries the burden of men's sins for the benefit of humanity. In this respect all rabbis and all intelligent Jews are of one mind and one heart.

"A glorious development of Judaism has taken place in America in the last fifty years. A better and clearer understanding of what Judaism is has grown up in our country during this period. But if Jews and Jewish rabbis take an active part here in all that concerns the purification of the religious, the political and the social life of man, it is because they are permitted to do so, and the more social prejudice will disappear, the more zealous and effective will be their co-operation with all their fellow citizens.

"The achievements of Felix Adler in the field of philanthropy will never be forgotten, and among those who give him the most cheerful credit for his work are his Jewish brethren. But the Jewish leaders had not to wait for his example to engage in such work, and when the history of the development of Judaism in America will be written, the names will be mentioned therein of Samuel Adler, David Einhorn and Samuel Hirsch who have entered into their reward, together with the names of a number of rabbis still living, while to the leader of the Ethical Culture movement an honorable place will be assigned in a different chapter."

Mary Newberry Adams and Her Friends.

Those whose privilege it was to meet Mrs. Mary Newberry Adams during her visit to Seattle, and to come under the inspiration of her keen thought and charming manner will always remember her as one of the brightest and loveliest of women. It is not surprising that Mrs. Adams should be a woman of rare quality of mind and character, for both by birth and environment has she been singularly favored. One of her ancestors was Judge Pynchon who came to America in 1630 with the Massachusetts Bay Colony, and who missed but three votes of being Governor in place of John Winthrop. He is also noted as being the author of a remarkable work for that day, in which he taught that it is by the life and not the death of Jesus that the world is to be saved. This was the first heretical book published in America, and it is needless to add that it was burned on Boston Commons. His friend Thomas Newberry took a rescued copy of the work to England and had it republished at his own expense. Mrs. Adams is the descendant of these two liberal thinking men. Her father was the Rev. Samuel Newberry, a Presbyterian minister, who took a strong stand in favor of co-education of men and women; and it was he who gave the first one hundred dollars toward the founding of Michigan University and was one of its first professors.

Mrs. Adams is the widow of Austin Adams, who was Chief Justice of Iowa, and their home in Dubuque was a literary center, and the meeting place of many of the most notable men and women of this country—among whom were Emerson, Bronson Alcott and Horace Greeley.

It is very interesting to hear her relate how she became acquainted with Horace Greeley. It was through the efforts of Mrs. Adams and other ladies of Dubuque that a social science organization was formed—the rent of the hall and other expenses being paid out of the pockets of the ladies. Imagine their consternation when at the first meeting a young minister, just out of college, read a paper on the vices of women, and furthermore proclaimed that it was not advisable that women should have any voice in the conduct of this organization, nor should speak upon its platform. The ladies were naturally indignant and Mrs. Adams wrote a letter to Horace Greeley relating the circumstances. He replied at once telling her that he had used her letter as an editorial in the *Tribune*. This led to her contributing to the columns of the *Tribune* for a period of ten years. Shortly after this Mr. Greeley made a trip to the west with Cornelius Vanderbilt, and, calling at the home of a mutual friend, remarked that he hoped to spend the next Sunday in Dubuque with Mrs. Adams—whereupon she wrote to Mrs. Adams of the proposed visit. On his arrival at Dubuque he was surrounded by the politicians of the locality who prepared a banquet for him on Sunday at one of the hotels. Shortly before the hour for the banquet, Judge Adams called at the hotel with a note of invitation from his wife to Horace Greeley to take tea with them at five o'clock, —which he accepted much to the discomfiture of the politicians, many of whom at once tried to be included in the invitation but without success. Mrs. Adams was told that at any rate she must invite Cornelius Vanderbilt, as he was the traveling companion of Mr. Greeley; but she was firm in refusing, saying, "We will not invite to our home one who represents merely money." She did invite, however, Mr. Horace Ward, who was a man of rare character and one whom she felt Mr. Greeley would find congenial. Imagine her surprise, when her guests met, to see them embrace and kiss each other, and to learn for the first time that these two old men had been close friends and room-mates in the days of Greeley's early experience in New York.

At half past eight Mr. Vanderbilt called to take Mr. Greeley to the station, but Mr. Greeley went to the door and waved him on, saying, "When I have a good thing I mean to hold on to it. Go on to Freeport, Cornelius; I'll follow tomorrow."

He remained till one o'clock and all that evening he poured forth a stream of most brilliant and thrilling reminiscences of his experience in New York, of the founding of the *Tribune*, of the days of the Rebellion, of his meeting with Margaret Fuller.

At last he rose and, laying his hand on Mr. Ward's arm, said: "All good things must end. Horace we will sleep once more together," and the two old friends left the house arm in arm.

Mrs. Adams' conversation is most stimulating and suggestive.

One evening while in Seattle, on looking at Elbridge Kingsley's engraving, "At Sea," she asked, "What does it mean for you?" The reply was, "The vastness of the sky, and the wide waste of ocean compared to the steamer is a lesson of man's insignificance." With her earnest face aglow with reverence she responded, "Oh! no. Here is the infinity of the sky, and the infinity of the sea, but there in that frail boat is represented the *divinity* and infinity of the human mind which has power to learn the laws that govern the universe and to say 'I am a part of the great infinities' and am become like unto the gods with power to create and overcome.'"

On one occasion she said, "You may burn all the bibles in the world and I will prove the immortality of the soul by machinery."

At another time, when speaking of man's place in nature, some one remarked that a tree seemed to have human intelligence; for its roots would seek and find moisture, and man's intelligence was only superior in degree. "That is the instinct of self-preservation," she replied, "but the roots would not turn aside that a rose-bush might live; while a mother would sacrifice her life to save her child. Altruism is an attribute of the immortal soul."

The home life of the Adams family must have been almost ideal, and many beautiful glimpses of it are had from her conversation. As an example of the reverential spirit that ruled this home of free religious thought, one evening a guest saw the children stop their play and seat themselves on a bench in the garden facing the west. In answer to the guest's surprised inquiry, Judge Adams said, "We do not deem it fitting that our children should desecrate the solemn sunset hour with loud shouts and ball-playing—to be oblivious to the glory in the heavens that marks the close of day, and we have taught them to observe the wonder of the approaching night which brings refreshment to us and new life to the other hemisphere." And the guest went away and reported that Judge Adams's family were young pagans worshiping the setting sun.

When Bronson Alcott was a guest for some weeks at the Adams home he gathered the children about him one evening and, as was his delight, drew them into conversation. He related to them the old story of Pilgrim's Progress, telling them how poor Christian reached the wicket gate with his heavy burden of sins and with that load could not pass through. "Children," said Mr. Alcott, "if you had been like Christian and had reached the wicket gate with this great load of sins on your back, what would you have done?" Instantly the youngest son, not yet ten years old, raised his hand, snapping his fingers in his eagerness. "Well, my boy, what would you have done?" "I would not have *started* with the sins," replied the little fellow. Mr. Alcott turned from the room and went into the hall followed quickly by Mrs Adams. She found him leaning on the railing with his hand over his face. "Woe, woe is me! woe is me, Mrs. Adams! Close the door for I am not worthy to go in to those children again tonight. How blind I have been!" and he turned and went to his room.

It seems pardonable to write these things that more may share the inspiration of a glimpse at the beautiful life of this home. —blessed as it is by a mother who represents the highest type of the noble American gentlewoman,—a devoted wife, an ideal mother and an earnest and delving student. C. T. F.

Two Sermons.

BY ALICE G. HERRING.

Some weeks since I heard two sermons, both preached by men of unusual ability and well trained minds; one a Unitarian, the other orthodox. The subject of the first was "The Law of Karma," of the latter "Sham Heroes." The orthodox minister held up to the mental view of the audience some of the so-called heroes whose fame has adorned the pages of history for many years, but whose real inner lives and unrecorded acts were small and cowardly compared with those of some of their unheralded though nobler compatriots. His remarks were interesting and instructive until he switched over to the orthodox track,—told us that all were "shams" and "lepers" who had not been washed in the blood of Christ; that to be a good neighbor, a pure husband, a loving father and an upright man counted as naught unless the soul had been cleansed in the blood that flowed from Calvary; made a sneering allusion to Tyndal and Huxley, those bugaboos and terrors of the dogmatists; and closed by exhorting the hundreds of people, in the largest church in the city, in the most persuasive tones of his splendid eloquence, to "stop thinking, and accept the faith that comforted your father and mother on their death-bed, and which will so comfort uncounted and unborn millions."

There's the rub, "stop thinking, and accept." Mind you, stop thinking first; that is a necessary beginning. In other words, don't trouble your weak brain studying about these grand problems each strong soul must ask, but accept the poor solution the priests of old have prepared for you, try to feel satisfied, and *stop thinking!*

On the way home I pondered what I had heard, and tried to recall one word of that long discourse that could inspire a noble deed or prompt one generous act. I could not find one. Perhaps it was because my heart and soul were still filled with the echoes of the grand words of strength I had heard from the Unitarian pulpit that morning; words that could not but bring hope and inspiration to the least remnant of a heart that might still be unhardened in a human breast; words that could not fail to bring any sinner to his feet with a sense of sudden awakening from the false security he might have felt, that, sometime before the end came, he would sneak under Christ's mantle and be safe from—himself. No young man or woman could hear that sermon, not even a child could hear it, without seeing plainly and believing thoroughly in the superiority of a life of high aims, just acts and true endeavor, over a life of selfish uselessness. There was no cross held up, at which one could lay down the sins of a life and pass on; no blood of Christ in which to cleanse the soul with one plunge; no judgment day at the last, to fear, and hope somehow to evade; nothing but the clear, calm vision of a present, continual, never-ending judgment day; of one's sins quietly awaiting their turn, to be expiated in the fierce white heat of their own destructive elements, perhaps tomorrow, perhaps years or ages hence, but surely there; no dodging them, no escaping the consequences of our own acts. Could any thought of the tortures of an orthodox hell hold back one's hand from sinning with the strength of this calm, unalterable law, this—

"Fixed arithmetic of the universe, which meteth good for
good, and ill for ill,
Measure for measure unto deeds, words, thoughts;
Watchful, aware, implacable, unmoved,
Making all futures fruits of all the pasts?"

No chance for mediation in that doctrine; no hope for the weak cowards who wish someone to lean upon. But what a glorious inspiration it holds for those who will stand alone, and who are willing to go unfalteringly through the gate of Death to the limitless ocean beyond, on the raft of their own life's building, making progress toward the final harbor acording to its strength.

"Such is the law which moves to righteousness,
Which none at last can turn aside or stay;
The heart of it is love, the end of it is Peace, and
Consummation sweet. Obey!"

Which sermon, think you, will "save" the greater number of souls?

A Waif's Point of View.

"Say, lady, I'se givin' it to you straight, I ain't tellin' you no lies. Me fader died last month in the hospital, and me mudder is doin' time on the Island. Yer see, after me fader died, me mudder got kinder down on her luck, and she just tuk a drop or two to brace up on. De odder night they wuz a lot of them over to Sweeny's and they rushed the growler all the evenin', and bimeby there wuz a scrap, and the cop came along and tuk me mudder in. One of them 'sociations has got the other kids, and I'm a fendin' for meself, sellin' papers, and runnin' errands, and carryin' bundles from the ferry to the elevated. Lemme carry your bag for you?"

All this from a very bright-eyed, towsly-headed, freckled boy at the exit of one of the Jersey ferries, one Spring morning a few years ago. Glancing at the loquacious little urchin who thus regaled me with a bit of his family history, I was about to pass along unheeding the importunity, but my satchel was heavy and I hesitated. That moment's hesitation caused me to be surrounded with a lot of boys all making grabs at my bag. But *my* boy claimed the right of eminent domain; in language by no means Chesterfieldian he defended his claim, after some pushing and shoving as vigorous as his speech he emerged triumphant from the fray, and master of the bag and the situation led the way towards the Elevated Station.

This was the beginning of an acquaintance which developed into a friendship. The lad I learned was Tim Reilly, and also ascertained that the facts of his case were true. I was young in years then, full of enthusiasm, possessed of many philanthropic ideas, most of them of the wholesale order. System and organization seemed to me matters of vital importance; the poor were a differently constituted order of beings; schemes for their relief and improvement were to be concocted much after the order of patent medicines and were to be administered on the principle that five bottles would effect a cure. Of course, I never formulated these views, but through ignorance and inexperience they were the underlying sentiment in my charitable work. Well, I became interested in Tim; he was always at the ferry waiting to do me little services, and I learned to look for the freckled face with its turned up, interrogation point of a nose.

Then I began to try to improve that boy, I suggested a frequent use of the free baths, I gave him an outfit of clothing, and having attended to the outer man, I tried to do something for his mental and spiritual development. Tim clung pertinaciously to the streets of the great city, I could not lure him to my suburban home; he was firm in his refusal to travel Jersey-ward, and indulged in some remarks concerning "hayseeds," kindly excluding me from the category, however. Finding I was working at a disadvantage and being obliged to leave home for some months, I induced Tim to go to an institution for orphan boys, for Mrs. Reilly had found by this time a resting place in Potter's Field.

How fine the boy looked in his new uniform when I called to say good-bye, and how I congratulated myself that the lad would now be under regular discipline and would be trained in habits of systematic living.

But I just learned a lesson from that boy, one of many by the way; I learned the lesson that child life does not differ materially in prince and pauper; that there is a right which philanthropists and sociologists unwittingly ignore in their plans for the betterment of the race, and that is human right. And this is how Tim taught me. I was away longer than I had planned, and a year elapsed before I met my little friend again. I found him improved in physical condition, his speech had lost much of the slang of the slums, he had made good progress in his studies, but something was missing in his manner, even his snub nose had a downward droop, my little street Arab was developing into a human machine. At last, in reply to an inquiry, Tim broke forth: "Say, lady, this is a mighty nice place, the grub is good and yer gets all yer wants; the steam pipes and fixin's keeps yer warm; yer don't have to dodge a cop to git a bath, and we wears real swell clothes. They'se awful good to us, see, but we's such a lot that the good don't alluz go round. And I'd ruther be out of this and not have so much grub and things ef I could just be with Dick and some of the fellers that cares for yer." And my hero lifted up his voice and wailed, wept —hungry little heart—for the privation and dirt of his tenement home, for there was what stood to him for love and human interest. Drying his tears on a regulation handkerchief, he added as a clinching argument, "I'd ruther be a Jersey hayseed than a 'sylum boy."

That opened my eyes to the one thing an institution cannot provide—the subtle human touch, the home feeling that comes from a home with a little "h." Tim did not remain "a 'sylum boy," I took him at his word and made a "hayseed" of him in very truth in a farmer's family, and soon Dick and some of the other "fellers" were transformed in like manner. There is a great deal of "the roaring human boy" about them still, they are not little saints, but on the contrary they are not little machines. And for myself, I have learned to give to system and organization their true value, but not to elevate both above the human right to love and sympathy inherent, though latent, in the child of the slums as well as in the petted darling of the avenue.—MARY G. ST. JOHN in *The Altruist Interchange.*

Ancient Siamese Sculpture and Architecture.

We go anywhere but to Siam for art today. Though its temples and carvings have a certain fantastic splendor, they are curious rather than interesting from an artistic standpoint. But in part of the modern territory of Siam once dwelt a race—the ancient Khmers—who were capable of greater things, as is attested by the colossal ruins they have left, comparable with the marvels of ancient Egypt or Hindustan. Siam has hitherto been a difficult country to explore, but the French ascendency there has certainly resulted in some gain to civilization, in that it is making known to us these long-forgotten treasures of antiquity. M. Albert Tissandier, who is expert both with pencil and pen, has visited these regions recently, and describes them in an illustrated article in *La Nature*, Paris, March 23, part of which we translate below:

"The monuments built by the ancient Khmers occupy at Cambodia an immense territory now overrun by forests. The ruins are hidden by thick vegetation. The plan of all these extraordinary works, the originality of the sculptures and ornaments, carved in stone, excite in the highest degree the curiosity of the traveler. We seek to know the dates of these monuments that betoken so refined a civilization, but unfortunately nothing has yet been discovered that can fix with certainty the epoch of construction of these marvelous edifices. Nevertheless there exists in the treasury of the King of Cambodia an important document, the royal chronicle or *Pongsa-Voda*, composed of two parts. The first is formed entirely of fabulous narratives enumerating the events that have taken place from the earliest days of Cambodia to the year 1340 of our era. The second, beginning in 1340 brings the history down to modern times. The Chinese and Annamite annals, antique manuscripts preserved by certain chief bonzes, can also furnish doubtful documents regarding the earlier days of the country of the Khmers."

The article goes on to summarize some of these legendary narratives, according to which a fortified city, with palaces and temples, was built by King Pria-Kong in the second century before Christ. This legendary city the modern Cambodians identify with the collection of ruins above mentioned, which they name Angkor-Thom. We now proceed to the description of this remarkable ruin.

"The city of Angkor-Thom measures nearly 12 kilometers [7½ miles] in circuit. Its walls, 6 meters [18 feet] in height, are surrounded with a ditch 120 meters [360 feet] wide by 4 meters [12 feet] deep. On the gate that leads to the ancient fortress from the south, may be distinguished, in spite of its ruined state, the dome that crowned it. This represents the head of Brahma, whose four faces are turned to the four points of the compass. These heads were covered with a tiara composed of towers. Lower is seen a kind of frieze composed of divine personages in the attitude of prayer, represented only down to the waist and seeming to issue from lotos flowers. Amid the ruined parts we yet see the remainder of the design that decorated in an original fashion the lower part of this majestic gateway. It is an enormous three-headed elephant, Airawaddi, the favorite elephant of Siva, whose head may still be seen, upbearing the shattered remnants of three divinities that seem to be driving the animal.

"A Chinese officer who traveled in Cambodia in the thirteenth century wrote a narrative with the title *Tchin-la-foung-Thou-Ki* (description of Cambodia) which has been translated by M. Abel Remusat. It contains a description of the gateway of the citadel of Angkor-Thom, which was yet in tact at this epoch. Here is an extract:

"'The capital is 20 lis in circumference; it has five gates. Beyond the gates is a great ditch, and beyond the ditch are boulevards communicating with great bridges. On each side are 54 statues representing divinities. The arches are carved in the form of serpents; each serpent has nine heads, and the passers-by are forbidden to approach them. The 54 statues hold each a serpent in the hand. On both sides of the gateway are the figures of elephants carved in the stone.'

"The broken ruins of several statues that ornamented the bridges, as well as the walls and the figures of elephants, bear witness to the truth of the Chinese officer's description.

"Of the ancient city of Angkor-Thom, whose houses were built of wood, no trace remains. The site of the royal palace is yet visible under the vegetation. We may still see vestiges of terraces, stone balconies and piles of débris. With the city walls and their triumphal gates, some important monuments yet exist, though badly ruined. These may be enumerated as follows: The edifices of Pimeanacas and of Bapuon, both built on terraces, seem to have no religious character. Besides these there are high walls covered with bas-reliefs on which we see the celebrated statue of the leprous

king, some remains of the palace, and the terraces called the Dam-reys (elephants). The illustration shows part of their remarkable sculptures, consisting of bas-reliefs on the south face. Elephants smaller than life, cut in high relief, form the angles of this terrace, which was terminated by a stone column. It led to Bapuon. Finally, Banh-Yong, the most interesting monument of the whole country, which surpasses in originality all else that the Khmers have been able to do, ends the catalogue of the most curious ruins included in Angkor-Thom."—*Literary Digest.*

The Home

"Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way."

Helps to High Living.

Sun.—God is not mocker more than He is mocked.

Mon.—All sin may be pardoned but the covert it hides in, which must be broken up.

Tues.—When woman stands on her feet, is her hand of worth.

Wed.—Pure individuality exists no more than a single magnetic pole. You are your brother's or sister's keeper.

Thurs.—The perfection of man is to be more than a splendid animal.

Fri.—To leave out man's moral nature is like omitting the base line in a coast survey.

Sat.—Let us make the still place in us, and we shall hear!

—*C. A. Bartol.*

Bird Trades.

The swallow is a mason,
And underneath the eaves
He builds a nest, and plasters it
With mud and hay and leaves.

Of all the weavers that I know,
The oriole is the best;
High on the branches of the tree
She hangs her cozy nest.

The woodpecker is hard at work—
A carpenter is he—
And you may hear him hammering
His nest high up a tree.

Some little birds are miners;
Some build upon the ground;
And busy little tailors, too,
Among the birds are found.

—*Selected.*

The Column of Pleasantness.

As the writer sat in a trolley car the other day, a family entered—father, mother, two (presumably) aunts, a grandmother, and five children of varying ages. Both their faces and their baskets had a sort of picnic expression. It was a commonplace family; loud in voice, loud in dress, big hands, big noses, far from tidy; baby sucking candy and slobbering a good deal over it; grandmother occasionally wiping its mouth with a dingy handkerchief; baby generously took the candy from its own mouth and thrust it into that of the mother, who sucked it vociferously; yet all this was associated with so much good nature and such evident domestic enjoyment that the whole car was with them. In fact, the whole car was taken into their confidence; if the baby made a lunge with his red fist, the family would turn with delight to the other passengers, as who should say: "Did you ever see anything smarter than that?" And if the next, the old baby, kicked his heels in exuberance about nothing, they would nudge and chuckle, and look with the same broad smiling appeal to the others to share in their enjoyment. The effect was simply irresistible.

Although differing in kind, the above reminded the writer of a car episode of last summer. It was one of the wilting midsummer days when the sun beats angrily back from the walls and up from the white marble doorsteps, when the reek from gutters and manholes arises until the air is thick as soup, and smells to heaven, when the very sparrows lie in the dust with outstretched wings, or try to bathe in the gutters. In the car were several gruff-looking men, mopping their foreheads, one sour old woman who eyed the men as if they ought to be ashamed of themselves for being so big, two limp girls who came in together but had nothing to say to each other, two other women each scowling indignantly at the other for crowding her; all looking as if they had decided that life (in Philadelphia) was not worth living, and that somebody was to blame for it.

Enter a woman with a baby. A nice baby this time. Instantly a breeze, as from the sea, appeared to have entered with them. The gruffest man jumped up with alertness, the limp girls said pleasantly to each other: "Isn't it a dear!" And on the face of the old woman came a smile so tender as one could not have believed it was capable of wearing. Even the heretofore expressionless conductor, when the mother gave him the fare through the baby's hand, must certainly, from his countenance, have had a baby of his own at home.

And which, then, was the truth about these people? Which is the part that is to outlast the other? Surely that which expressed their highest possibilities.—ELIZA S. TURNER, in *Working Women's Journal.*

Our Planetary Neighbor.

The speculations that have been indulged in by men of science in regard to the planet Mars are well known. Mars and Venus are two planets which, as far as we can judge, have conditions suitable to sustain life. But since Venus is lost much of the time in an impenetrable mist, Mars receives the most scrutiny; and more calculations and speculations are made as to his condition. The latest observations indicate that Mars has an atmosphere, and that he has snow caps at his poles, which recede in summer until but a small field of snow, comparatively speaking, is left in the summer at each pole. Last October the snow appeared to have entirely vanished on Mars, which gives astronomers the impression that it was a remarkably hot summer there. The summer on Mars comes in the time of our autumn. The air on Mars is believed to be very thin, more so than the air on the highest mountains on the earth; but that is not a sufficient reason that there is no life on the planet. Animal life on this planet shows that it may be organized so as to exist in widely differing conditions.

One of the most remarkable opinions lately formulated by astronomers in regard to Mars is that it has no "weather,"—that is, it has no such sudden and violent changes as are experienced on the earth. The moisture is believed to fall there in the form of dew, and the snow is thought to be the successive deposits of minute particles as fine as dew. This reminds us of a description of the watering of the earth before sin entered it, when "there went up a mist from the earth, and watered the whole face of the ground." It would seem that Mars is watered in that way.—*Youth's Instructor.*

A Snail Farm.

In Switzerland there are snail farms. The people raise the snails for market. Very few people in this country know that snails are good for food, or use them. In Switzerland the snail farms are divided into small parts, separated by fences about two feet high with nails along the top to prevent the snails from running away. Little arbors of moss are provided for the snails as shelters from the sun, for snails do not like the sun. If there is not lime or chalk in the earth of the farm, the farmer sprinkles it about. Snails eat cabbage, salad, nettles and dandelions. They seem to be most hungry after a rain.

The harvest time for snails is the latter part of August or the first of September. Then the snails are sorted out. Those having rounded white houses are considered fat and are the most valuable. They are packed in boxes in soft hay. If they grow too warm they will open their shells and burst the strongest box.—*The Myrtle.*

THERE are nearly two thousand children enrolled in Alaska schools, though there is a school population of from eight to ten thousand. The government contributes about one-third to the support of the schools, and the other two thirds is provided by the missionary societies. One of the obstacles to the progress of teaching in Alaska is the idea of the northern Eskimo "that tomorrow will be another day," and they make no effort to memorize anything for future use. However, the children seem to have a great desire to know the English language and study faithfully in the schoolroom, though they often fail to use what they learn outside; and they are uniformly well-behaved in the schoolroom.—*The Kindergarten.*

"WHEN a bee brings pollen into the hive he advances to the cell in which it is to be deposited and kicks it off as one might his overalls or rubber boots, making one foot help another.

A CHICAGO mother was heard to say to a prominent educator,—"The time has come when the mother must cease to be a shadow between her child and God."

IT is not to become brothers we must strive; it is—not to forget that we *are* brothers.—*Prince Serge Wolkonsky.*

To an Indian Idol.

BY CHARLES A. KEELER.

Dull dreamer rooted fast to earth's domain,
With empty gaze that looks at nothingness,
Pedestaled darkly 'mid life's rude distress,
Unmoved by rapture's thrill or throb of pain,
Thou shadow-monarch, purposeless and vain,
Thou symbol impotent to soothe or bless,
With thy chill form so drear and comfortless
To panting hearts that at thy shrine have lain,—
What sage forebodings would incite thy scorn,
Couldst thou but see the idols of today;
The lustful gods of formless gold that hold
Their worshipers entranced, while misery
Is vainly pleading in its shambles lorn,
And love and honor falter weak and cold!

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The Liberal Field.

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

Iowa Conference.

The Iowa Association of Unitarian and other Independent churches will hold its next Annual Conference with the Peoples Church of Anamosa, October 15, 16 and 17.

Centerville, Ia.

The Unitarian Association of Centerville, Iowa, for some months under the care of Rev. Bidwell, who is now settled in Geneseo, Ill., still continues its praiseworthy efforts to maintain an independent footing. For two Sundays the pulpit has been filled by Rev. G. H. Putnam of Princeton, Ill., whose encouraging words have created new links in the chain of liberal thought; and hopes are entertained that the society may in time meet the exigencies of the case, by calling to its aid a stated pastor and thus spreading the cause of truth.

OBSERVER.

Washta, Ia.

Children's Day was celebrated very appropriately here in Washta. A goodly number from Cherokee came up to help make the occasion a joyful one. The stage of the new hall was prettily decorated with plants and flowers. Recitations, singing and other music composed the program. After the exercises the audience of one hundred and fifty people broke up and formed a sociable. Ice cream and cake were served. This is perhaps a novel idea, but everybody seemed to be enjoying it.

The Study Table

THE EVOLUTION OF INDUSTRY. By Henry Dyer, C. E., M. A., D. Sc., etc., etc. New York: Macmillan & Co. 303 pp.; $1.50.

There is no likelihood that this book will be as popular as Kidd's "Social Evolution." For one thing, the writer is much better informed than Mr. Kidd and he sees a dozen difficulties where Kidd did not see one; for another, he feels himself obliged to conform his theories to the facts instead of evolving them in a vacuum—which is much less simple and far more troublesome; last, but not least, he makes no such bid for orthodox votes as Kidd does with his "ultra-rational religion". But for those who wish to understand the tendency of industrial evolution, to measure its forces, to know what we may expect to be the outcome of all this agitation and discussion, Mr. Dyer's book is worth a great many books like Mr. Kidd's. Some of the subjects considered are "Trades Unions," "Position of Women," "Co-operation," "Municipal Control," "State Control," "Industrial Training," "Industrial Guilds." The argument of the book is that these diverse aspects of the situation have common elements and are working towards an integration of industry which will be neither individualism nor socialism but individualistic socialism or socialistic individualism. There will be trades unions conserving the interests of the different sections of workingmen; there will be co-operation reducing waste, co-ordinating supply and demand, effecting a more uniform state of social conditions. At the same time Mr. Dyer contemplates an increase of municipal and state administration and control in certain departments representing the most common necessities and conveniencies of life. Unquestionably the average tendency of the book is socialistic, but it is so with so much caution and discrimination that even if the reader does not go with the writer all the way to his conclusions his heart will sometimes turn within him as he talks with him by the way and feels the spur of his "divine dissatisfaction" with the present order of our social life.

C.

EVOLUTION AND EFFORT AND THEIR RELATION TO RELIGION AND POLITICS. By Edmond Kelly, M. A., F. G. S. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 297 pp.

The title of this book suggests the possibility that we have here a criticism of Kidd's "Social Evolution," and we have to some extent. But if the writer is dissatisfied with Spencer quite as much as Kidd, he is equally dissatisfied with Weismann. Both of these writers seem to make man the puppet of a superhuman power. It is to Prof. Huxley that our author goes for comfort and relief. He finds it in Huxley's "Romanes Lecture," the very thing that so many have found miserably depressing with its dualistic insistence that the cosmos is anti-ethical and that it is to man alone that we can look for social betterment. There is certainly something very heroic in this attitude of man against the Universe, and something very daring in Huxley's assurance that man is not the under dog. The terms of Mr. Kelly's title thus find their explanation. It is to human "Effort" and not to "Evolution" that we are to look for the amelioration of society, whereas in Kidd our hope is in the fierceness of the competition and the natural selection of the tougher breeds.

Mr. Kelley is, perhaps, too much troubled about the determinism of Spencer. Even the fatalism of Calvin and Mohammed never made them quietists. Spencer is as little disposed as Huxley to remain passive and inert in the stream of evolutionary tendency. Mill was a strong determinist but much more disposed than Carlyle and other advocates of the free-will doctrine to "take up arms against a sea of troubles and by opposing end them."

Mr. Kelley is as confident as Mr. Kidd that religion is a prime factor in the develment of society. But whereas the function of religion in Kidd's rendering is little more than of an ultra-rational sanction of unlimited propagation of the species, with Mr. Kelley it is to organize public opinion and action for municipal reform. He would not have clergymen "keep out of politics" but go deeper into it than ever, not as partisans but as reformers. For partisan politics he has little admiration and some of his criticisms on it are extremely effective and important. He has chapters on municipal misgovernment, pauperism, socialism and education; and if here and there, his concessions to the socialistic tendency are too generous, the average temper of the book is very sound and good.

C.

A DOG OF FLANDERS AND OTHER STORIES. By Ouida. Illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott. Pp. 245; $1.50.

This volume of four stories has been some time from the press but is worthy of notice even at this late date. It has been classed among "Juveniles," but hardly with justice, for it seems to us that these stories belong rather to the years of maturity, though perhaps the children of today are equal to them.

Those who do not approve of Ouida will not approve of these stories. We confess to enjoying them both from the artistic and the ethical point of view.

The ending of each of the stories would be called sad, perhaps some would condemn them as morbid. Yet in a "Provence Rose" we have a story of love and honor that invites comparison with the best that English literature affords. To do right, to refuse to sell one's soul for a mess of pottage does not always bring its reward in joy and prosperity in this world. The reward must be found in the consciousness of rectitude. Into the discussion of whether those who sell their souls ever get full price in this world we will not enter. Let the children read these stories if they will, they will do them no harm.

G. B. P.

AN OLD MAN'S ROMANCE. A tale written by Christopher Craigie. Boston: Copeland & Day. 215 pp.; $1.25.

This is the story of an old bachelor, the last years of whose life are beautified by the coming into it of a brave and sweet and strong young woman, for whom the old man feels a deep affection and a strong admiration.

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F. W. S.

TOM CRINGLE'S LOG. By Michael Scott. Illustrated by J. Ayton Symington. With an introduction by Mowbray Morris. New York and London: Macmillan & Co. Crown 12 mo, 569 pp.; $1.25.

It is not every book that was famous in its day that can be revived, but there is no good reason why Michael Scott's most famous and successful story should not find fit audience, and not particularly few, in a generation which has turned from the novel of introspection to the novel of adventure with a surprising zest. Bearing the name of the old wizard of Scotland, the author of "Tom Cringle" and "The Cruise of the Midge" was something of a wizard in his own chosen field. Like Cooper and Marryat he had liberal knowledge of that field. Coleridge hailed "Tom Cringle" as equal to Smollet's "Peter Simple," and his wild picturesqueness won him from Albany Foublanque the title "Salvator Rosa of the Sea." Christopher North praised him as the best sketcher of sea scenery that ever held a pen. Marryat, however, made good the proverb of two at a trade by criticizing Scott as melodramatic. It is a drinking, roystering life to which we are introduced in these pages, but also a life fearless of danger and death and in love with novelty and adventure. One might employ his time much better than by reading such a book, but many of the books of our own time come in a much more questionable shape. Scott was born in 1789 and died in 1835. "Tom Cringle" appeared in book form only the year before his death, having originally come out in *Blackwood's Magazine* from 1829 to 1833. C.

ANNALS OF THE PARISH AND THE AYRSHIRE LEGATEES. By John Galt. Illustrated by Charles E. Brock. With an introduction by Alfred Ainger. New York: Macmillin & Co. Crown 12 mo, 334 pp.; $1.25.

This last installment of Macmillan's series of old novels is far and away superior to the last, "Tom Cringle's Log." Both books—for we have two in one—deserve much honor on their appearance in this new and beautiful edition. Mr. Ainger's introduction is an admirable piece of work. Born in 1779, Galt was already well along in years when Blackwood accepted the "Ayrshire Legatees," and the success of this story led him to look up and complete the manuscript of "Annals of a Parish," which he had submitted to a publisher in 1813 only to be turned off with the assurance that "Scottish novels would not do," and this only a year before the publication of "Waverley," which like the "Annals" was begun and cast aside and then accidentally discovered and resumed. The wonder is that the success of "Waverley" and the other novels from the same hand did not encourage Galt to try again with the "Annals" before 1840. Their hibernation was of twenty-seven years' duration, while that of Waverley was, if we remember rightly, only fifteen. Galt wondered not a little and was really grieved that the "Annals," which hardly aspired to be a novel, attained to a repute far in advance of

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[From THE NEW UNITY, May 2, 1895.]

The selection we give in another column from "The House Beautiful"—one of Mr. Gannett's uplifting studies which James H. West has just published—was not made because it was the most inspiring word the pamphlet contains. Where all is so good perhaps there is no best, though to our mind the section on "The dear Togetherness" is fullest of strength, sweetness, and light. But this extract was selected simply because it was the shortest that could be made to stand by itself. By sending its publisher fifteen cents our readers can procure the little book for themselves; and if they want to be strengthened and lifted up, they will do so.

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that enjoyed by his more elaborate romances, of which he wrote many, besides books of travel, plays, biographies and other things. His ambition was to do for Scotland something akin to what Goldsmith had done for England in "The Vicar of Wakefield," and his success was not contemptible, nor even slight. The Rev. Micah Balwhidder, the minister of Dalmailing, is very true to the life, the elements in him so mixed that Scotchmen might stand up in fifty different parishes and say "This was our man." In "The Ayrshire Legatees" it is evident that Galt attempted to rival Smollet's "Humphrey Clinker," a less ambitious affair than that of the "Annals," yet not a more notable success. C.

THE AMERICAN COMMONWEALTH. By James Bryce. In Two Volumes. Third Edition. New York: Macmillan & Co. Crown 8vo. Pp. 904 & 724. $4.00.

Mr. Bryce's book is already quite as much a classic as was De Tocqueville's fifty years ago, and deservedly so, because without less of philosophical acumen it is far richer in facts than De Tocqueville's, not only absolutely (that would go without saying) but relatively to the growth of the nation in half a century. It is now seven years since the publication of Mr. Bryce's first edition, and, while some small mistakes have been detected here and there, its general accuracy has never been impeached. In this respect, and in respect to its fairness, it has been steadily growing in power with the most intelligent students and scholars. If it has a fault, it is that of a too liberal appreciation of what has been already done, a too optimistic outlook on the future. It has probably given less satisfaction to the partisan politicians than to any other class, because it has not taken sides with either Republicans or Democrats and has steadily kept in view the loftiest political ideals.

The first edition seemed to leave nothing to desire, but the third improves on it in many particulars. It is completely revised and Mr. Bryce has availed himself of every judicious correction which has been made upon his book. At the same time in part V. of vol. II. he has inserted four entirely new and very important chapters, "The Home of the Nation," "The South Since the War," "Present and Future of the Negro," and "Foreign Policy and Territorial Extension." In the first of these chapters no bolder prophecy is ventured than that, with a magnificent individual development, the nation will remain one in its government, speech, character and ideas. The chapter on the South is very flattering to its industrial conditions, it finds the most cordial acceptance of the results of the war, so far as slavery is concerned, and it justifies the extension of the suffrage to the negroes as a necessity of the political situation. In the chapter on the present and future of the negro, Mr. Bryce, while sturdily condemning the abuses to which black men have been subjected in the South, and pleading for them the practical realization of political equality, does not definitely declare for the co-education of the races, and, when he comes to the question of intermarriage, he casts his vote for prohibition. In this particular Mr. Bryce has in the opinion of some of his most warm admirers fallen short of his usual sagacity and humanity. The laws prohibiting marriage are a survival of the doctrine of slavery that the black man is less than human. They are premiums upon illicit connections which, if less common now than in the *ante bellum* times, are so far less because of white men's inclination to such connections than because of colored women's ownership of their bodies and their increase of self-respect. We could wish that in his treatment

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The Magazines

AN interesting feature of No. 415 of *The Open Court* is the article "Why Buddhism?" by Mr. C. Pfoundes, a retired officer of the English navy who has spent many years in Japan as a student of the religion of that country, and is an active member of several Buddhistic sects. Mr. Pfoundes describes the religious situation in Japan, the forms and rites of Buddhism, its advantages and defects, discusses the missionary work of Christianity and the native attitude towards it, in fine, casts the religious horoscope of the Japan of the future. He is of the opinion that Buddhism, being deeply rooted in the national and family life of the Japanese people, is better adapted to its needs and sentiments than Christianity, whose missionary work is destructive rather than constructive, actually

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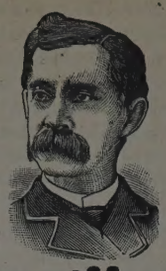

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Effect of Exercise on the Mind.

But does the good effect of exercise end in the body? Is that simply larger and stronger? The mind, too, has its share of good. In the first place, the brain and nervous system are supplied with blood and more of it. The repair of the waste is more completely made. This of itself is one great gain. But in all use of the voluntary muscles there is, as the term implies, a necessary putting forth of the will. The mind is exercised while the body works. And this is especially true in all exercises which require skill, in which the mind has an object to gain through the skilful use of the body. This mental element comes in very early in a child's life—as, for instance, in learning to walk, to swim, or to ride. All through the years of childhood it accompanies motions in games, most mind being required in those games which require the most skill. So those gymnastic exercises which call for combinations of muscles in action, and need quickness and exactness, are more useful for the majority of children and men than those requiring the use of strength alone. For, to attain success in games or exercises of skill, not only quickness of body is needed, but an alertness of mind, and often, too, quickness of the senses of sight and hearing. This mental element in certain athletic games explains, in a measure, their fascination. They furnish an exercise not for the body alone, but for the whole man—every part of his being, including his mind, his social nature, and even his moral nature, coming into play.—Prof. E. L. RICHARDS, in *Popular Science Monthly* for August.

A War Scene.

One of the paintings in this year's Royal Academy exhibition depicts a tender incident of the Franco-Prussian campaign. In the course of the last struggle, near Metz, a handful of *chasseurs* flung themselves into a small red-roofed farm-house, determined to sell their lives dearly. They barricaded the ground-floor as strongly as they were able, and, from the upper story, opened fire on their assailants. For nearly two hours the Prussians were kept at bay. The storm of rifle bullets riddled the roof and upper walls, and finally, one by one, the *chassepots* were silenced. Concluding that the ammunition of the little stronghold had at length been exhausted, and, prepared for a savage hand-to-hand tussle with the garrison, the Prussians burst through the barricade and affected an entrance. To their amazement the ground floor was unoccupied, save for a little girl of five, who looked up into their faces with a smile of happy unconcern. She had been playing with her doll, and evidently thought that the heavy firing had been an odd new game which the "grown-ups" had been having especially for her amusement. As the big blue-eyed sergeant caught her up in his arms and kissed her, she asked, with an air of disappointment, why they had stopped the pretty "boom-boom." Through the terrible death-wrestle of two mighty nations, this happy little house-mother had been pleasantly absorbed in family cares. The wrath of kings, the savagery of ancient race-hatreds, were things could not under-

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stand; even the hurricane of fire and lead had seemed to her but such strange elemental music as the wren, in its nest, hears when a thunder-shower sweeps over the woodland.

A ladder led to the upper floor of the farm-house, and, when the conquerors ascended, they found, among the wreckage of shattered roof and crumbling walls, the rest of the garrison—no more than nine in all—lying dead. Beside them lay the mother of the child, with a *chassepot* still clutched in her hand.

And the Second Empire had fallen, and the Fatherland had lost the flower of her nobility.

Recalled Stormy Times.

"Well, that looks natural," said the old soldier, looking at a can of condensed milk on the breakfast table in place of ordinary milk that failed on account of the storm. "It's the Gail Borden Eagle Brand we used during the war."

Pawnbroking Abroad.

In Germany pawnbroking is conducted by the State, by the Gemeinde (parish), or by private persons under State supervision. The Berlin "Königliches Leihamt" is under the protection of the German Reichsbank, which advanced the necessary funds. The pawnshop usually advances on two thirds of the estimated value of household goods, four fifths on silver, and five sixths on gold. During the year 1893, the sum of $1,200,000 was lent on about 220,000 pledges. After payment of all administrative expenses and interest on capital, there remained a net surplus of over $10,000, which was placed to the account of the reserve fund, and of which the interest is devoted to a charitable institution. Under the State system the interest on loans is twelve per cent., while under private management it is either twelve or twenty-four per cent., according to the amount of the loan. Under both systems the loan is contracted for six months; under the first, six months' grace is allowed, while under the second four weeks only. The State pawn-office is used by the middle rather than by the very poorest classes. Artisans and tradesmen head the list, widows and unmarried women follow, while day-laborers and factory workmen occupy the third place.

In Austro-Hungary there exists a system of "Versatzämter," usually under the control of the municipalities, but more or less under the control of the State also. The prototype of them all is the so-called Imperial Pawn-office of Vienna, founded like any other charitable institution and solely as such intended. The Minister of the Interior nominates the officials and sanctions any important matters connected with the management. The original advances have now been paid off; the Imperial Pawn-office is entirely independent, and is annually adding to its cash capital from its own profits. The interest charged is at the uniform rate of ten per cent. In 1893 the Vienna office received over 860,000 articles, for which it advanced $2,100,000.

Italy is the home of the pawnshop, since Savonarola is supposed to have established the first one. The Italian system does not allow loans on pledges to be granted for less than one lira (20 cents) or for more than 1,000 lire. The advances on gold, silver, jewels, and other articles are in the same proportions as in Germany. Interest is charged at the annual rate of five per cent. for loans of from five to ten lire. On loans of from ten to twenty lire the rate is six per cent., and on those above that figure seven per cent. Besides interest, a charge of one per cent. is levied on the pawn-ticket when the loan is granted, but loans not exceeding ten lire are exempt from this charge. Loans are granted for six months, with the power of renewal for a further six months. A special regulation permits renewals from six months to six months for a period of five years.—E. F. BALDWIN in *The Outlook*.

Exposition Notes.

THE Massachusetts Building at the Cotton States and International Exposition will be a model of the home of Henry W. Longfellow. An excellent site at Piedmont Park has been assigned for the building, and work will be begun on it immediately.

THE city of Buffalo, New York, has asked for large space in the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building of the Cotton States and International Exposition for a comprehensive exhibit of the manufacturing and other industries of that city. Space has been assigned them, and an exhibit worthy of the city will be at once prepared.

THE exhibit to be made by California at the Cotton States and International Exposition will be one of the most notable of the State exhibitions at the great Fair. The interest in the California exhibition has been strong from the inception of the movement, and it is now an assured fact that the State will make an exhibit at Atlanta fully worthy of the glorious climate of California. It will embrace not only the wonderful agricultural and fruit-growing capacities of the State, but also its rich and varied mineral resources. The work is being actively pushed, and the exhibit will soon be ready for its long journey across the continent to Atlanta.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and is made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

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CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH (Unitarian), corner of Michigan avenue and 23d street, W. W. Fenn, Minister.

CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER (Universalist), corner of Warren avenue and Robey street, M. H. Harris, Minister.

ETHICAL CULTURE SOCIETY, Grand Opera House, Clark street, near Randolph. M. M. Mangasarian, Minister.

FRIENDS' SOCIETY, second floor of the Athenæum Building, 18 Van Buren street. Jonathan W. Plummer, Minister.

INDEPENDENT LIBERAL CHURCH, Martine's Academy, 333 Hampden Court, Lake View, T. G. Milsted, Minister.

K. A. M. CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 33d street. Isaac S. Moses, Minister.

OAK PARK UNITY CHURCH (Universalist), R. F. Johonnot, Minister.

PEOPLE'S CHURCH (Independent), McVicker's Theater, Madison street, near State. H. W. Thomas, Minister.

RYDER CHAPEL (Universalist), Sheridan avenue, Woodlawn. John S. Cantwell, Minister.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH (Universalist), Prairie avenue and 28th street. A. J. Canfield, Minister.

SINAI CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 21st street. E. G. Hirsch, Minister.

STEWART AVENUE UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, Stewart avenue and 65th street. R. A. White, Minister.

THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH, corner of Monroe and Laflin streets. J. Vila Blake, Minister.

UNITY CHURCH (Unitarian), corner of Dearborn avenue and Walton place. Rev. B. R. Bulkeley, Minister.

ZION CONGREGATION (Jewish), corner Washington Boulevard and Union Park. Joseph Stolz, Minister.

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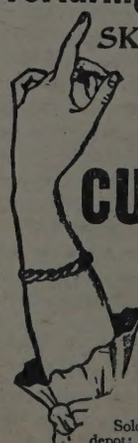

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